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to a revision of its constitution, and have voted to hire a suite of rooms in the new Studio building, suitable for exhibition of pictures, reading room, etc. It was also voted, we learn, to change the name of the club to the Allston Club.

We have to record this month the death of two Boston artists. Mr. H. P. Hunt, who died very suddenly at Paris, where he was studying his profession, and Mr. P. Stephenson, the sculptor, who died in Boston. His most elaborate and best work is the Wounded Indian, now here in the rooms of the Mercantile Library, which institution purchased it some years since.

In relation to the late Mr. Peter Stephenson, the Buffalo Commercial Advertiser says:

At a very early age, young Peter displayed the germ of the future sculptor. At about the age of fifteen, he commenced cutting cameo portraits. Having attained quite a reputation here in the line of cameo cutting, he left for Boston, where his great skill procured him abundance of orders, and from his savings he was enabled to attain the darling object of his ambition, a voyage to Italy. After his return, he established his studio permanently at Boston, about which time he produced a very classic design for a Perry monument, to be erected in this city. His celebrated bust of Daniel Webster was also executed at about this date. His greatest work, "The Wounded Indian," of life size, fully established his reputation as a first-class sculptor. This work, after being exhibited at the great Art exposition, Crystal Palace, London, and in numerous cities of the continent, finally became the property of the Boston Athenæum. There are in this city, his cabinet size sculptures of "Paul and Virginia," a bust of the late Wm. H. Mason, Esq., and his "Psyche," owned by Geo. Truscott, Esq. The early demise of Peter Stephenson will leave a void in both the social and art circle in which he moved, not easily to be filled.

CHICAGO.—In a collection of works of art at this place, to be distributed on Art-union principles, there are several of Volk's performances. The Chicago Tribune mentions a statuette of Washington represented as "when he hacked his father's favorite pear-tree. He stands, hatchet in hand, beside the pear tree, which bears the marks of his depredations, and the unnerved arm and slightly drooped head, with the shade of thought on the face, reveal the consciousness of wrongdoing, with its probable consequences, which has stolen over him." There is a bust of Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, modelled in Rome in 1856, a portrait bust of a lady, a statue of a child, a case of cameos and cabinet busts of Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln.

BROOKLYN.—An association has been established in this place called the "Brooklyn Art Association," of which Mr. Regis Gignoux is *President*, J. A. Oertel, *Vice President*, F. A. Chapman *Treasurer* and J. Williamson *Secretary*. All the usual projects for the encouragement of art are under the supervision of this society. The Reception (one of the most important of its objects), which took place on the 28th ult. in the new Academy of Music, passed off with marked éclat, the building itself being one of the most admired of the works of art presented to the visitors.

PHILADELPHIA.—See advertisement of the Penn. Academy.

Literary Record.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF LORD BACON, from unpublished papers. By William Hepworth Dixon. Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

This work can scarcely be called a personal history of Lord Bacon, but rather a refutation of some of the charges that have prevailed against his character. Why Bacon should need a defender is more than we can understand. He must have required one or Mr. Dixon would not have written this book. Let us accept it as an illustration to the mysteries of progress, and credit the advocate with good intentions. There seem to be intellectual courts where the good and the bad are tried alike; every rare spirit, like Christ, has his Pontius Pilate; happy those who escape crucifixion! Bacon's age was his Pilate, and it gave him up to the rabble of his own time, led by the lawyer Coke. Let us be thankful that as time goes on new judges appear to reverse old decisions!

There are several romantic incidents exploded in this volume; for instance, Bacon's ingratitude to Essex, the reputed love of Queen Elizabeth for Essex, and the story of the ring; the Peacham case, Bacon's mercenary nature, etc., all of which curious readers will find carefully examined by Mr. Dixon. Most of these stories have been circulated on poetical authority. Poetry has done much mischief in the world. We do not wonder that *Fiction*, one of the departments of poetic art, is so aptly termed; most of its material being but too often of a libellous instead of an artistic character. That Poetry seizes on contrasts without regard to truth, is verified by Pope, in calling Bacon "The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." Mr. Dixon says that "fools have grinned and rogues have rubbed their palms for more than a hundred years" over this line; but he says truly that it has "never yet been recognized by honest hearts."

There are many suggestive circumstances chronicled in this work. Should there be any husband desirous of knowing how a wise, learned and patient man treats a troublesome mother-in-law, let him study the conduct of Bacon in this particular. If there be any observers of men and things who are puzzled to account for public patronage, a characteristic anecdote told by a worthy bishop, throws some light on the subject. As it is short, and, moreover of architectural import, we copy it:

"I did once intend," says the bishop, "to have built a church, and a lawyer in my neighborhood did intend to build himself a fair house, as afterward he did. One sent unto him (the lawyer) to desire him to accept from him all his timber; another sent unto him to desire him that he might supply him with all the iron that he spent about his house. These men had great woods and iron-mills of their own. The country desired him to accept of their carriage. What reason had this man not to build? Truly I think he paid very little but the workman's wages. Whereas, on the contrary, in the building of my church—when it was so necessary, for without the church they had not God's service and no church was near them for nearly four or five

miles—truly I could not get the contribution of one farthing. Lord! how the times are altered! It was not so when St. Paul's Church in London and other cathedrals were built. God's will be done!"

Would that the good bishop could have had a taste of the times present! And this brings us to something significant thereto. In Bacon's time, the union of Scotland with England was a political project, and one dear to King James I., England's Scotch king. Political feeling ran high. A certain "bilious representative" for the city of London spoke in the House of Commons to this effect:

"A union of these two countries, says the uncivil member for London, would be a marriage of the rich with the poor, the strong with the weak. With a pardonable pride of a London burgher he points to the arts, the industry and wealth of England, to its orchards swelling with fruit, its pastures fat with kine, its waters white with sails, to its thriving people, abundant agriculture, inexhaustible fisheries, woods and mines. With all these riches he contrasts a land of crags and storms (Scotland), peopled by a race of men rude as their climate, poor in resources and in genius, a nation with peddlers for merchants, and two or three rotten hoys for a fleet. Such countries, he contends, are best apart. What man in his senses, having two estates divided by a hedge, one fruitful, one waste, will break down his fence and let the cattle stray from the waste into garden and corn-field? Will any one mingle two swarms of bees? why then two hostile swarms of men? Scotland is bare as the land round Bethel; so that nature and God call out to separate the nations, as Lot chose the left hand, Abraham the right. He denies that the king's accession has changed the relations of the Saxon to the Scot; and sits down with demanding whether, if Mary had borne a son to Philip, that son being heir to his father's crown, an English Parliament would have naturalized the people of Sicily and Spain?

"The speech makes a deep impression. Fuller (the member) speaks to men convinced; men sore from daily wrongs and insults. Bacon, rising to reply, begins with that shower of image and illustration which his experience tells him is never lost on a learned and poetic House. He begs his hearers to forget all private feuds, to raise their minds to questions of the highest state; not as merchants dealing with mean affairs, but as judges and kings charged with the weal of empires. Glancing in scorn at Fuller, he passes with his light laugh the moral of that tale of Abraham and Lot, a parting cursed with a cruel war and a long captivity, to his illustration of the fence. The king, Bacon says, threw down the fence when he crossed the Tweed; yet the flock of Scots has not yet followed through the rent. Proud and lavish, doting on dress and show, the Scottish gentleman will rather starve at home than betray his poverty abroad. The Roman commons fought for the right to name Plebeian consuls, and, when they had won the right, voted for Patricians: so with the Scots: they claim the privilege of coming into England; yield the right, and they will not come. It is said the land is full. London, he grants, is thronged and swollen—not the open downs and plains. France counts more people to the mile. Flanders, Italy, Germany exceed us in population. Are there no English towns decayed? Are there no ancient cities heaps of stones? Why, marsh grows on the pasture, pasture on the plough-land. Wastes increase; the soil cries loud for hands

to sow the corn and reap the harvest. But this bill for naturalizing the Scots stands on a far higher ground. A people, warlike as the Romans and as ourselves, a race of men, who, like wild horses, are hard to control because lusty with blood and youth, offer to be one people with us, friends in the day of peace, allies in the day of strife. Take from the Scots this brand of aliens, they will stand by our side, bulwarks and defenders against the world. Should you shut them out from England, treating them as strangers and enemies, they may prove to you what the Pisans proved to Florence, the Latins to Rome. In our ancient wars the invader found the gates of our kingdom open. France could enter through Scotland, Spain through Ireland. Pass this bill, we close our gates. No minor argument deserves a thought. Union is strength, union is defence. You object that the Scots are poor. Are not strong limbs better than riches? Has not Solon told us the man of iron is master of the man of gold? Does not Macchiavelli pour his scorn at the false proverb which makes money the sinews of war? The true sinews of war are the sinews of valiant men. Leave, gentlemen, to the Spaniards the delusion that a heap of gold, filched from a feeble race, can give the dominion of the world. If union with the Scots will not bring riches to our doors, it will bring safety to our frontiers, will give us strength at sea and reserves on land. Alone we have borne our flag aloft; with Scotland united in arms, with Ireland settled and at peace, with our war fleets on every sea, our merchants in every port, we shall become the first power in the world. Warmed with such glorious hopes, how can the gentlemen of England stand upon terms and audits—upon mine and thine—upon he knows not what!

"The House rings with applause. Cecil sends a copy of this speech to James; and, in the midst of his trials, it is some pleasure to the poor pedant to see what splendid things a practical statesman and philosopher can say for his favorite scheme."

Perhaps a change of certain words would not adapt the speech to our times, but we are satisfied that its sentiment is pertinent. Let us go to other sources of Bacon's wisdom than Mr. Dixon's book for further enlightenment on this subject of Union.

"I do not find it strange," says Bacon, in "A briefe Discourse of the Happy Union of the Kingdomes of England and Scotland," "that when Heraclitus had set forth a certain Book, many men took it for a *Discourse of Nature*, and many others took it for a *Treatise of Pollicy*. For there is a great affinity and consent between the rules of Nature, and the true rules of Pollicy, the one being nothing else but an Order in the government of the World; and the other an Order in the government of an Estate. And therefore the education and erudition of the kings of Persia was in a Science, which was termed by a name then of great reverence, but now degenerate and taken in ill part. For the Persian *Magick*, which was the secret literature of their kings, was an application of the contemplations and observations of Nature unto a sense Politick; taking the fundamentall lawes of Nature and the branches and passages of them as an originall or first modell whence to take and describe a copy and imitation for Government.

"After this manner the foresaid instructours set before their kings the examples of the celestial bodies, the Sun, the Moon, and the rest which have great glory and veneration, but no rest or intermission; being in a perpetuall office of

motion for the cherishing, in turn and in course, of inferior bodies; expressing likewise, the true manner of the motions of Government; which though they ought to be swift and rapide in respect of dispatch and occasions, yet are they to be constant and regular without wavering or confusion.

"So did they represent unto them how the Heavens do not enrich themselves by the Earth and the Seas; nor keep no dead stock nor untouched treasures of that they draw to them from below; but whatsoever moisture they do levy and take from both elements, in vapour, they do spend and turn back again in Showers, only holding and storing them up for a time to the end, to issue and distribute them in season.

"But chiefly they did express and expound unto them that *fundamental law of Nature* whereby all things do subsist and are preserved; which is that every thing in Nature, although it have his private and particular affection and appetite, and doth follow and pursue the same in small moments, and when it is free and delivered from more generall and common respects; yet, nevertheless when there is Question or Case for sustaining of the more generall, they forsake their own particularities, and attend and conspire to uphold the Publick.

"So we see the Iron, in small quantity, will ascend and approach to the Loadstone upon a particular sympathy: but if it be any quantity of moment it leaveth his appetite of amity to the Loadstone, and like a good Patriott falleth to the Earth which is the place and region of massy bodies. So again the Water and other like bodies do fall towards the center of the earth, which is their region or countrey; and yet we see nothing more usuall in all Water-works and Eugines than that the Water, rather than to suffer any Distraction or Disunion in Nature, will ascend, forsaking the Love to his own region or countrey, and applying itself to the body next adjoining.

"But it were too long a digression to proceed to more examples of this kind. Upon a passage of this nature (the Union), it was a successe and went above the course of Nature to have so great Change with so great Quiet. Forasmuch as sudden mutations, as well in State as in Nature, are rarely without violence and perturbation. So as still I conclude there is (as was said) a congruity between the principles of Nature and Pollicy. And lest that instance may seem to oppose to this assertion, I may even in that particular, with your Majesty's favor, offer unto you a type or pattern in Nature much resembling this event in your state, namely, Earthquakes; which, many of them, bring ever so much terror and wonder, but no actuall hurt, the Earth trembling for a moment, and suddenly stablishing in perfect quiet as it was before.

"This knowledge then, of making the Government of the World a mirror for the Government of a State, being a Wisdom almost lost (whereof the reason I take to be because of the difficulty for one man to embrace both philosophies) I have thought good to make some proof as far as my weaknesse and the straights of time will suffer."

How Bacon was estimated in his own time, let Rawley, "Doctor in Divinity," Bacon's amanuensis and "first, and last, Chapleine," inform us. The following is from Rawley's "Life of the Honourable Author," published thirty years after Bacon's death.

"His fame is greater and sounds louder in Forraign Parts, abroad, than at home in his own nation. Thereby verifying that Divine Sentence; A Prophet is not

without Honour save in his own Countrey, and in his own House. Concerning which I will give you a Tast only, out of a letter written from Italy (the store-house of refined witts) to the late Earle of Devonshire, then the Lord Candish. 'I will expect the new Essays of my Lord Chancellor Bacon as also his History with a great deal of Desire; and whatsoever else he shall compose. But in particular of his History, I promise myself a thing perfect and singular, especially in Henry the Seventh, where he may exercise the talent of his Divine Understanding. This Lord is more and more known; and his Books here more and more delighted in; and those men that have more than ordinary Knowledge in Humane Affairs esteem him one of the most capable spirits of this Age.' And he is truly such. Now his Fame doth not decrease with Dayes since, but rather encrease. Divers of his Works have been anciently, yet lately, translated into other Tongues both learned and modern by Forraign Pens. Severall persons of quality during his Lordship's life crossed the seas on purpose to gain an opportunity of seeing him, and discoursing with him; whereof one carried his Lordship's picture, from Head to Foot, over with him into France, as a thing which he foresaw would be much desired there; that so they might enjoy the Image of his Person as well as the Images of his Brains, his Books. Amongst the rest Marquis Fiat, a French Nobleman who came Ambassadour into England in the beginning of Queen Mary, wife to King Charles, was taken with an extraordinary desire of seeing him; for which he made way by a Friend. And when he came to him being then through weaknesse confined to his Bed, the Marquis saluted him with this High Expression, 'That his Lordship had ever been to him like the Angels of whom he had often heard, and read much of them in Books, but he never saw them.' After which they contracted an intimate Acquaintance; and the Marquis did so much revere him, that besides his Frequent visits, they wrote Letters one to the other, under the titles and appellations of Father and Son."

We do not expect to find "capable spirits" like Bacon's in these days; let us study the wisdom of those that have been, so as to remedy the evils and control the movements of the incapable spirits in and out of office that assume to direct our national progress!

METAPHYSICAL writers, when they belong to a school and draw their principles from their master's cistern through conduit after conduit, instead of going to the well of Nature, are very apt to give us vapid water instead of fresh. Attaching but little importance to anything but abstractions, and being almost without an eye, except for colorless shadows, they merge whatever is individual in that which is merely generic, and let this living universe of infinite variety drop out of sight in the menstruum of a technical phraseology. They lose the scent in the cry but keep on yelping without finding out their loss: not a few, too, join in the cry, without ever having caught the scent.—*Gucces at Truth.*